

CO-OPERATIVE GOOSE FARM.

It is Located in the Dunderbergs and is Making Two Girls Rich.

VASSAR AND BARNARD STUDENTS.

Helen Gould Rented Them the Place All Stocked With Rabbits and Geese. New Way of Working Through College.

DUNDERBERGS-ON-THE-HUDSON. July 16.—This is a story told of Miss Helen Gould's generosity; and if you do not believe that one young girl can think of so many brilliant moves for making people happy and independent you can journey to the Dunderbergs and behold for yourself.

Two young girl collegians, one from Barnard and one from Vassar, found themselves at the beginning of the college vacation in a state of well-embarrassment. The Barnard girl was working her way through college and had just lost her best senior school by graduation. Next year what would she do, with her best coaching pupil gone? The Vassar girl had a home to go to, but there wasn't enough money in sight to justify her in bidding the girls "adieu." It must be a stern good-bye forever as far as college went. Some one mentioned the case to Miss Helen Gould, some one who knew both girls.

"Why don't they take a little cottage up in the mountains and raise live stock?" asked Miss Gould. "Why, indeed," replied the informant, "except that they haven't got the farm nor the live stock."

"I've a little place up there," said Miss Gould, "with a house on it. There are maybe twenty acres of woods. They can live in it free all summer, and if they succeed in their stock-raising they can pay me \$10 in the fall."

The facts were communicated to the young women, who straightway wrote to their willing land lady and made arrangements for the house. It was situated a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and as a horse was needed, the furniture in the house, they found, would answer all their other purposes, with a few college-room treasures added.

"And we can raise anything and everything you suggest," they wrote. "Only you must let us pay you the \$10 in monthly installments, or we shall feel like paupers."

"Then take it for four months and pay in four installments," wrote back the benefactress, and as I can't let a live stock farm without any stock on it, I will send up the only animals that flourish well in that barren mountain country. Of course, you can't turn wood-choppers, so cultivate the live stock and see what you can make out of it."

When the young women arrived at "Eyre," they found located there awaiting them a comfortable-looking man-of-all-work. "I'm to stay here three days till ye get settled," said he. "I belong at Irvington, but I'm to stop here till I see ye all ter rights. I brought up the live stock. It's out there in the back."

"For the love of goodness! Mercy! What in the world! Does she think we are crazy or—what?" cried Martha. "She's a peach!" cried the other, grasping the scheme with ecstasy. "Those are geese and rabbits. We're to raise 'em. They're the 'live stock.' Isn't that grand? Isn't it glorious?"

"I hope so," feebly assented Doubting Martha. "But what will we do with them when they grow up?"

"Sell them. But wait till we find out the plan. We are evidently the children of Fate, ruled by the hand of Fate."

"Evidently," said Martha. Inside the little house there were wooden beds and little old-fashioned tables. On the bare floors were a few worn rugs and on the walls hung some chromes of remarkably fine rabbits and preternaturally fat geese.

"Not very reassuring," said Martha. "These awful geese!"

"Hold!" cried Mary, running ahead into the little sitting-room. "Here's a find. 'Feather Complete Treatise on Goose Raising,' and underneath it, 'How to Make Money With Rabbits.' Now we shall have something to read."

That evening the two young women, with noses close together, started in upon their bunnies and geese books. And before bedtime they were so deeply interested in the subject that they would willingly have remained up all night except for the opening injunction in the

book to "go to bed with the geese and rise with them."

"To think there's 10,000 a year in those foolish fat things," remarked the now converted Martha.

The next day, book in hand, they sat under the trees, and with the rabbits scampering around, and the geese stalking away in stately file towards the nearest stream, they made their plans:

"Rabbits," quoted Mary, reading from the book, "are very quick growers. When young they sell readily as pets upon the street corners in large cities, and when old they are useful for many things. Their value as rabbit stew to bon vivants is great, and their fur is readily utilized for making all sorts of children's garments. One rabbit of fair size makes a beautiful muff for a child. The pure varieties should be cultivated. Snow white, jet black and pure gray are the most desirable."

"Now," said Mary, "we shall raise as many as we can and send them as soon as they can scamper to a nice old woman in town. She will tie ribbons around their necks and sell them for \$1 apiece. I bought one myself in New York on Broadway for that price last winter. The older ones we will sell to the hotels and to private families for stews. I presume Miss Gould would recommend us. We must learn from the book how to fat them up. Of course we will skin them so as to have the fur."

"The geese!" Oh, there's no limit to what we can do with the geese. They are better as money-makers than goats. But they are awful gadders. It's a good thing we have twenty acres for them to air themselves in."

"Goose eggs are worth 25 cents a dozen always. Fresh ones are worth more. We will look into that. Meanwhile we will raise all we can and get them ready for the holiday trade. The Thanksgiving geese will come from here, and from this time on we will discourage the turkey and hoist the goose's emblem as our national bird."

"The fatness?" Oh, of course. But you have to raise a great many geese, the book says, to get enough feathers to amount to anything. But we will sell all our cockles as soon as they show signs of wanting to raise a family, and who knows but we shall have enough geese to make it worth while to pluck them in the fall."

That was a month ago. But the goose and rabbit farm was already started up, and it is going still. Day by day the rabbits grew fatter and handsomer, and week by week new flocks of geese raise their wings to heaven and sail off upon the lake tide.

"I don't say there will be millions in it when we sell out in the fall," said Doubting Martha when asked about it last week, "but I do say that we shall sell a thousand geese and half as many rabbits—enough to supply the money needed by our Alma Mater next winter, and that is all we have in view just now."

Considerable interest is being manifested in the excursion and basket picnic to be given at Ashland Park, Tuesday, the 20th inst., by the Sodality of St. Mary's church. Final arrangements have about been completed and the indications are that a large crowd will attend. The committees in charge have made every provision for the comfort and pleasure of those who go and no better opportunity has presented itself this season to spend a pleasant day away from the city and at the same time contribute a mite to a worthy cause.

The train will leave Hancock and Broad streets at 8:30 A. M., and returned will leave Ashland Park at 7:30 P. M.

For the Ice Mission.

The sum of \$2.50 has been raised for the Ice Mission, by the giving of a Paper Dolls Carnival at the residence of Mrs. J. T. Bryant, No. 519 west Marshall street, by Misses Fannie Orange, Mattie Bryant, Agnes Morgan, Mable Lucy, Harry Lucy, Upehur Ginter, Bowen, Grace Gilman, Ernestine Hamlett, Louise Young, Ella Hamlett, and Master Arthur S. Gilman.

FOR MAD



AND MATRON

WHAT REFORM WORK COSTS

Mrs. Charlotte Smith Advises People Not to Make over the World Unless Rich.

CAN SPEND A MILLION EASILY.

Takes a Fortune for Lawyers and Detectives Every Time You Attack a New City—"Parkhurst is a Run Away."

WASHINGTON, July 16.—A great many people think that a reformer is in the business for her health. That it costs her nothing but her time, that it is her pleasure and her joy to reform, and that she accomplishes the work by a few words and a little moral suasion. But I can tell them that when other people sleep she works. When others take their summer vacation she keeps on plodding just the same, spending her money not at the seashore, but at work.

I have been a "reformer" for the work of industrial women for twenty years, and for five years have devoted all my time to unfortunate women. Just what it has cost me I cannot tell. I can only estimate it in the lowest figures. I have put my hand in my pocket continually. Once I remember 10,000 women were turned out in the streets; they had no home, no friends. I hired a house, put in beds and sitting-room furniture and hired cooks and servants. I had as many as 125 new applicants a day. Soon my house proved too small for the hordes of them, even lodging them in cots and on mattresses. Then I gave them money to get lodgings and meals at a restaurant. This lasted about four years before all got settled in their proper places. I had a house in Boston, and also a place in New York.

The experience might have cost me \$3,000 at the beginning. But before I got through it surely put me \$2,000 out of pocket.

Notwithstanding that I have spent so much money, even if I had spent thousands it would be only a drop in the bucket. I have had more practical experience than any woman in the country. I got out circulars and pamphlets; have issued 60,000 circulars at a cost of \$3.50 a thousand. I got out 5,000 letters in Albany and wrote personal letters to each individual. What we want is the legislature to act in the matter.

I suppose I am what you would call a rich woman. My present income from my husband's estate and by inheritance is \$5,000 per year. It used to be a great deal more, but as my work progressed I disposed of property right and left to meet the demands. If I had saved my money, or if I had lived upon my income, letting my capital increase in value, I should have been worth half a million to-day at a very low estimation. A million would be small if estimated properly. Notwithstanding that I have spent so much money, it is only a drop in the bucket to what might be spent.

In Albany during March and April I issued 60,000 circulars at a cost of \$1.50 per thousand. They were to help along a branch of the work which every intelligent man said was a necessary step. I wanted to get a popular petition for introducing a certain bill before the Legislature—and you can't do a thing without money.

I got out 5,000 personal letters in Albany, 30,000 pamphlets, paid hundreds of dollars to detectives, and, incidentally, helped all the girls who came to me.

A reformer's lawyer's fees are very great. They cost up hundreds. No reform can go on without lawyers and detectives. The latter are useful in the way of evidence. You must get inside facts; then when you face your Senator you can tell him this and that about himself. Of course you must have a lawyer to legal advice to frame petitions, draft bills, write letters to Governors and defend you against maligners. In Albany this spring in less than three months I spent \$29,000 getting Albany started in reform.

I don't believe an earnest reformer can keep an actual expense account. I spent \$50,000 in the last four years that I can't account for. My personal expenses are least of my expenses. I eat simple food, never go to the theatre. A roll and a cup of coffee take a day supports me. Ten dollars a week would be ample for my personal expenses. I live on \$1 a day individually, outside of car fare. But my lawyer's expenses per day—last Saturday—are \$30.

Undertakers' bills add up money. The lowest price for burying a baby is \$17. I have buried about sixty-five people, young and old, in the past four years.

Then medicines take money. I started a dispensary in Boston for medicines, at a cost of about \$2,000. I ran it for two years, and the Legislature passed an act helping me out.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.



C. & Goodwin

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA OUTDOORS.

All About This Little Function and What You Can Wear at It.

A FANCY FOR DUCK AND PIQUE.

Pretty Half-Mourning Gowns Worn by Two Sisters at a Paris Tea-Lit-the Jacks Over Soft Waists.

PARIS, July 8.—A tea at this time of the year suggests everything that is delightful to an American-Parisian mind, for it is held out of doors.

There would be a sort of indescribable incompleteness about an afternoon of tea indoors. So you are sure of having both tea and soliloquies.

The climate here, they say, is responsible for the habit of tea drinking, but everybody feels a craving for the cup that cheers creeping over them about 4 o'clock and all of the afternoon functions have borrowed the word tea so as to insure popularity. One hears so often from time to time of "musical teas," and "bazaar teas," and "o'clock teas," and even "3 o'clock teas," that are given in the American colony. All now mean a pleasant little function in the open air.

The musical teas are always great treats. One can always count on hearing some of Marchesi's or Bowen's bray pupils sing and there is generally good violin playing, for Paris is claiming all of the young, aspiring violinists, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris have just given the biggest affair of the season in their beautiful summer home. Mrs. Ogden Goetz was pointed out to me there. She looked ravishingly beautiful in a dress of fawn cloth that was trimmed with silk and velvet. Heavy, but regal.

The skirt was an ordinary width godet with four bands of velvet around the bottom. The bodice, of the fawn cloth, was rounded at the bottom and fitted exceedingly snug. At the front of the bodice there was a long yoke of broad old rose silk cut with two round scallops at the bottom that were bordered in velvet. The silk at the back of the bodice formed a V that reached from sleeve to sleeve at the shoulders and formed a decided point at the belt. Bands of maroon velvet followed the edge of the silk, and directly at the middle of the back there was another strip of the velvet that began at the collar with a butterfly bow. These velvet straps ended in loops which fell below the girdle. The cloth sleeves were capped with short high puffs of the silk, and around the bottom of the puffs there were bands of the velvet that were placed so as to give the effect of being continuous of the velvet braces. The collar was a high, straight collar of the silk with a tall plaiting at the back. An exquisite round buckle of emeralds and diamonds ornamented the front of the collar.

The "tam" of the second girl was one of the top-titled ones, with flowers heaped under the tip-up side. This way of trimming a tam is much in vogue this year.

Two of the guests were much alike in style. They wore a black and white mourning. One wore a black and white striped mull made over a white material. The waist had a China silk blouse, with a little striped silk bolero. Broad lapels of white silk turned back from the jacket. Her hat was a mixed black and white straw, with white satin bows upon the front.

The other sister wore a black silk grenadine with stripes of black and white silk running through it. A tiny white needle-work cape, profusely embroidered in black silk and edged with chiffon, formed a shoulder wrap. Her hat was bound with black silk and trimmed with black leaves nestling between uprights of white lace.

A MUSICIAN'S GOWN. Miss Brimmon, one of Marchesi's most promising pupils, was at the tea, looking radiant in an exquisite gown of heliotrope cloth. The bodice was of heliotrope satin with bias folds of the cloth overlapping each other to form a long

vet belt. The daintiest little hat of violets and white leaves was pinned lightly on Mrs. Goetz's wavy hair, and was exceedingly becoming.

THREE OUT-DOOR GOWNS. Many, it is feared, did not hear the music, for they strolled away down towards the beach where the caretaker lives in winter. At any place they seat themselves and are served with tea.

A little group of three enjoyed themselves to the utmost all the afternoon in a quiet spot along shore, where only the distant sounds of music could reach them. They were dressed neatly and prettily.

One wore pale green duck, with a braided pattern upon the skirt done in the tiniest of black beading. Her waist was cut bolero, with the front points lapping and buttoning with a big pearl button. The bolero was trimmed with black braiding around the lapels and sleeves, with a small puff at the shoulder. Underneath the bolero was a deep green waist, snug fitting and very becoming. And what do you think it was? Why, a jersey, or perhaps you call it a sweater! It was seamless, closely woven and of the thinnest wool, with enough cotton in it to be smooth to the hands. Her hat was a big flat hat trimmed with green ribbon and deep green chiffon loopings.

One of the others wore a little sun-plaited blouse of scarlet, with a white pique jacket buttoning over it with fancy cords. The skirt was braided with white cotton trimming and white cotton frogs, and designs in white cotton trimmed it prettily.

The third was gowning in a simple China silk of white ground, with royal blue design almost covering the ground. A little bolero was outlined in front and back by a white ribbon. Around the foot was a little ruching of white satin, and a little feathery of white silk was fastened to the throat.

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with the heliotrope satin. Tabs of Brussels lace came from the shoulder seams and ended at the bust line, following the line of the arm hole seams. The sleeves were tight fitting, mounted by a high puff of the cloth, finished at the bottom with folds of the satin, and the collar of the satin was round and high. The skirt was a godet with all of the fulness thrown to the back. Coming from the darts of the bodice were appliques of Brussels lace that followed the seams of the front gore of the skirt and edged the two narrow tabs of satin that fell over the hips.

The tiniest little round toque of black straw was worn with this gown. It had a bunch of black tips at the left side, placed high, and on the right side there was a round bunch of violets that rested on the hair with stems falling quite over the ears.

Violets, that suffered a temporary banishment in June and the early part of the summer, have burst on us again with renewed popularity. Everybody has violets in their newest bonnets, and people who can stand a great deal of violet without suffering by the contrast to their complexions have whole suits of violet.

A BELLE. There was a beautiful, tall, dark-haired young American girl at Mrs. Morris's tea the other afternoon that attracted a great deal of admiring attention. She wore a chic blouse of hunter's green mirror taffeta. It was made very plain, with a collet effect in frills of accordion-plaited mousseline de soie. The blouse was drawn down into a girlish of black satin ribbon, ornamented at the front with an oval buckle of brass. The light coat sleeves of the silk had very little fulness at the top. They were draped from wrist to armhole seam in black mousseline de soie. The tall, straight collar had a full frill of the accordion-plaited mousseline de soie mounting it.

With this toilette was worn one of those bewitching new bonnets made after the Breton peasant cap. The broad, flat piece that follows closely the curve of the head was covered with hunter's green velvet, and at the back there was a tall puff of drab silk.

It was hardly a month ago that these bonnets were brought out by one of the smart Paris modistes, and they were considered rather a questionable innovation on account of their uniqueness. They proved very becoming to some of the society favorites. Now they are quite the thing and one sees them in dozens at all the swell functions.

There was a very stunning dress in red taffeta that deserves special mention. It had a full godet skirt with four narrow bands of English lace trimming the bottom of the skirt. The waist of red fitted without a wrinkle and fastened at the left shoulder and under arm seam. It was trimmed in loops of the lace about an inch and a half apart. The sleeves were coat sleeves slightly draped at the top, and the lace was put on in bands so that it gave the effect of being continued from the bands on the bodice. The collar was a high military collar of the red cloth without trimming.

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I saw was built of silver green mirror velvet. It was round and flat with a slight dip towards the ears. There was a choux of tulle, white, at the left side, with a spangled aigrette, and at the right side there was a bunch of violets lying very flat with the stems resting on the hair.

Some time ago the business agent of the Cleveland Central Labor Union organized the firemen employed in the engine rooms of the breweries of the city, notwithstanding the claims of the Knights of Labor that they had a similar organization.

P. Priesterdorf, one of the organizers of the Knights of Labor, retaliated by forming a local assembly of grain shovellers, notwithstanding the claim of the longshoremen that the grain shovellers should be members of their union, which was affiliated with the Central Labor Union, Boston.

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CHARLOTTE SMITH, REFORMER, STAYS AT HOME AND WORKS WITH PARKHURST AND "WILLIAM OF ALBANY" GO SUMMERING IN 20. BOPE. H. ST. MALE A MILLION OF HER OWN MONEY.



The co-operative geese and rabbit farm in the Dunderbergs, where two girls are getting rich. Helen Gould rented it to them.